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Every thought of the Packard organization, every facility of the Packard plant is concentrated upon one type of car.

The Packard Company is one of the pioneer manufacturers. We have never built anything but touring cars, and our history is one of development with a single object in view.

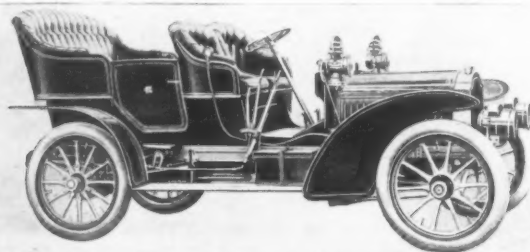
The success of the four-cylinder Packard during 1904 bespeaks how well we planned. Instead of scattering our energies over a line of different cars, we have concentrated everything on this one type and in presenting it again in our Model "N" we offer a car that has graduated from the school of hard knocks, that has no single piece in it but has stood the test of at least a year's use in the hands of the public. In other words—a car refined and beautifully seasoned and, because we are specialists in this one thing, better than anything else of its kind in the world. Price of the Model "N" (with standard equipment) is \$3,500 f. o. b. factory.

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PACKARD MOTOR CAR CO., Dept. G.

Member of A. L. A. M.
New York Branch, 1540 Broadway

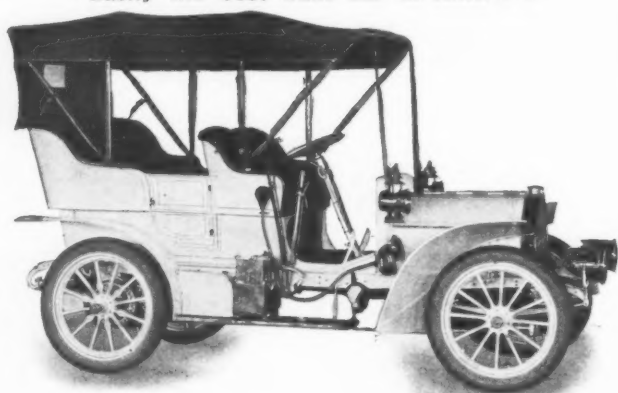
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Gasolene Touring Car

"Easily the best built car in America."



All cars have double side entrance tonneaus.

15-20 h.p.	\$2800
20-25 h.p.	\$3700
30-35 h.p.	\$5000
40-45 h.p.	\$7500

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The **Locomobile** Company of America, Bridgeport, Conn.

Member Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

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A palace car at your door—the

OLDSMOBILE

a Pullman that needs no track—a public utility for every avenue of business hurry. Always ready when you are—a race horse when you want speed—"Old Dobbin" when you halt by the way.

The Oldsmobile Touring Car, price \$1400, is equipped with a 20 H. P. double opposed motor; cylinders $3\frac{1}{2} \times 6$ inches. Has side entrance, and is luxuriously upholstered throughout. Seating capacity for five passengers. Wheel base 90 inches. Speed from 6 to 40 miles an hour—with surprising hill climbing ability—noise of exhaust completely eliminated.

Oldsmobile Standard Runabout,	\$650
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Oldsmobile 20 H. P. Touring Car,	\$1400

Send for "Book of Particulars." Address Dept. J.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS Detroit, U. S. A.

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Positively noiseless and dustless—the new NORTHERN TOURING CAR (side entrance) is the superior of many cars sold at twice the price. It is the only car with fan, cast in 24-inch fly wheel, which cools the motor and eliminates all dust. It is also the only car with a three point motor support, insuring true alignment of machinery over all roads, no matter how rough. Full elliptic springs absorb all vibration.

No belts, chains or gaskets. All working parts encased, dust proof and oil retaining. Ample speed from 17 h. p. motor. Planetary transmission; two speeds forward and reverse. Operated from single lever. Brakes, treadle applied. Standard type Chassis permits interchanging four different bodies, including Limousine pattern at little expense.

The NORTHERN RUNABOUT is still the best, and an immense favorite everywhere.

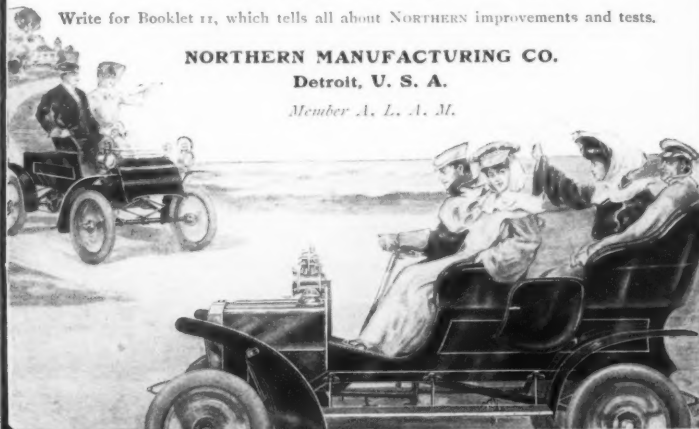
Two Passenger RUNABOUT	\$650
Five Passenger TOURING CAR (side entrance)	\$1700

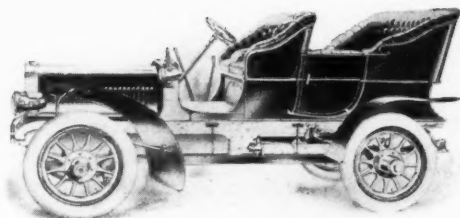
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To enumerate the exclusive features of this magnificent new type would be to repeat the many points of excellence which have made the name CADILLAC represent all that is superior in automobile manufacture. In beauty of outline and elegance of design, it conforms closely to the most expensive foreign-built models. In appointment, in mechanical excellence, in carefulness of construction, this new car approaches well-nigh to perfection. It has a spacious side-entrance tonneau, with divided front seat; is equipped with a non-vibrating, four-cylinder engine, developing 30 h. p., and is capable of a speed of 50 miles an hour. The ease of operation, the remarkable simplicity of control of the

CADILLAC

enable the driver, when running on the highest gear, to reduce the speed to that of the slowest walk by a simple movement of the hand. The Cadillac has solved the greatest problem of automobile manufacture—that of maintenance. Its wonderful simplicity and durability of construction make it the most economically kept car in the world. It runs almost noiselessly, and with the comfort of a Pullman coach.

All the fineness of finish and excellence of construction and workmanship characterizing our new high-power car are embodied in the other Cadillac models.

Model D—Four-Cylinder Car, shown above, \$2800.
Model B—Touring Car, with detachable tonneau, \$900.
Model E—Side-entrance Touring Car, \$950.
Model E—Light, stylish, powerful runabout, divided seat, \$750.

Write for illustrated booklet R, and address of nearest dealer, where you can see and try a Cadillac.

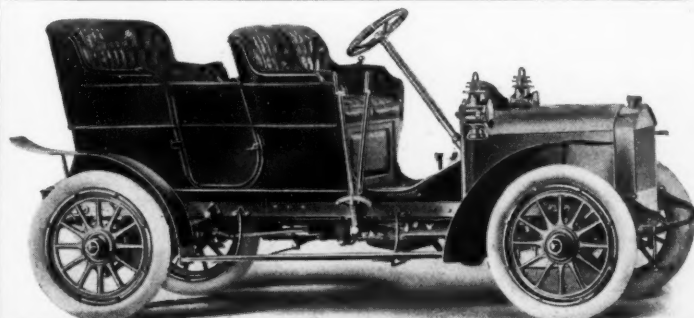
CADILLAC AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Detroit, Mich
Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.



COLUMBIA automobiles are wholly made in our own works, insuring that uniformity of excellence in design, materials, and workmanship which has built up the Columbia name and reputation. The COLUMBIA line for 1905 includes 35-40 H.P. 4-cylinder Gasoline Cars with Side Entrance Tonneau, Royal Victoria, Landaulet, or Limousine bodies, \$4,000 to \$5,500; 18 H.P. 2-cylinder Gasoline Side Entrance Tonneau, \$1,750; 12-14 H.P. 2-cylinder Gasoline Tonneau, \$1,500; Electric Victoria-phaeton with hood and "de luxe" features throughout, the handsomest and most efficient light electric carriage ever offered to the public, \$1,350; light Electric Runabout, \$900; Electric Town Carriages of the coach class and Commercial Vehicles.

We issue three catalogues describing respectively Columbia Gasoline Cars, Columbia Electric Carriages, and Columbia Electric Delivery Wagons and Trucks. Both in print and in illustration these are the most artistic automobile books ever distributed. In writing please state which Catalogue is desired.

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The Autocar stands as a triumph in automobile building. Its construction combines with greatest efficiency and durability a simplicity that is the wonder of all who see it. This is a feature that commends itself alike to the novice and the expert. It means minimum liability of derangement, greatest ease and safety of operation, and lowest running expense. Each type of Autocar represents the nearest to perfection in its class. Every Autocar is built upon lines proven correct by experience; built of absolutely the best material, and with the best workmanship procurable.

Autocar records of actual performance bear out the claim that for good day-in-and-day-out, up-hill-and-down service, for durability and freedom from annoyance, the Autocar is unsurpassed.

The new car, Type XI, illustrated above, shows a number of very valuable improvements, accomplishing increased ease of control, safety, and simplicity.

Type VIII, Four-passenger car, Rear Entrance Tonneau, \$1,400, and Type X, 10 H. P. Runabout, \$900, are the cars which have made the present reputation of the Autocar, to which the new Type XI will surely add.

Write for catalogue and dealer's name.

THE AUTOCAR COMPANY, Ardmore, Pa.
Member A. L. A. M.



RUSHING FOR SHELTER.

(From the Daily Jewish News, Jan. 19, 1905.)

MR. JAMES S. METCALFE, who has written a number of scathing denunciations of the so-called "Theatre Syndicate," has been barred from forty-seven theatres controlled by this syndicate in New York City. The reason for this drastic action, as announced by one of the leading spirits of the "Syndicate," is that Mr. Metcalfe has been guilty of wanton attacks upon theatre managers who happen to be Jews, and for the sole reason that they are Jews.

It may be true that Mr. Metcalfe has written articles which have contained in them the spirit of malice toward our people. We are not familiar enough with his writings to either affirm or deny the charge. From an occasional squib of his that we have seen, we are inclined to think that he is not over delicate about the racial or national sensitiveness, when such delicacy would stand in the way of the rounding out of a sentence or of sharpening the point of a story. But, be this as it may, it is entirely irrelevant for the moment. So, too, is the question of the "Theatrical Syndicate," and the menace such a monopoly (if it exists) must prove, ultimately, to the development of the American drama. The only point at issue here is whether the Frohmans and the others who have it in their power to issue an order barring from forty-seven theatres in New York City Mr. Metcalfe or any one else against whom they may happen to have a grievance, were acting properly when they made the reason for this exclusion that Mr. Metcalfe wantonly attacks Jews.

It won't do, this excuse. This sudden rush to the shelter of the protecting folds of Judea's standard is even more insulting to the Jews than anti-Semitic articles, such as Mr. Metcalfe is charged with writing.

Men who are identified with the Jewish community, whose lives are Jewish, whose names are known in connection with Jewish philanthropy, with Jewish communal endeavor, whose names appear on the roster of contributors to Jewish hospitals and Jewish orphan asylums, and other Jewish institutions might, with propriety, offer such an excuse, if offended, as the heads of the so-called "Syndicate" claim they were offended. And it is certain that they would have the approval and the support of the entire Jewish community, if their charges were proven.

But even if it should be established beyond contradiction that Mr. Metcalfe at-

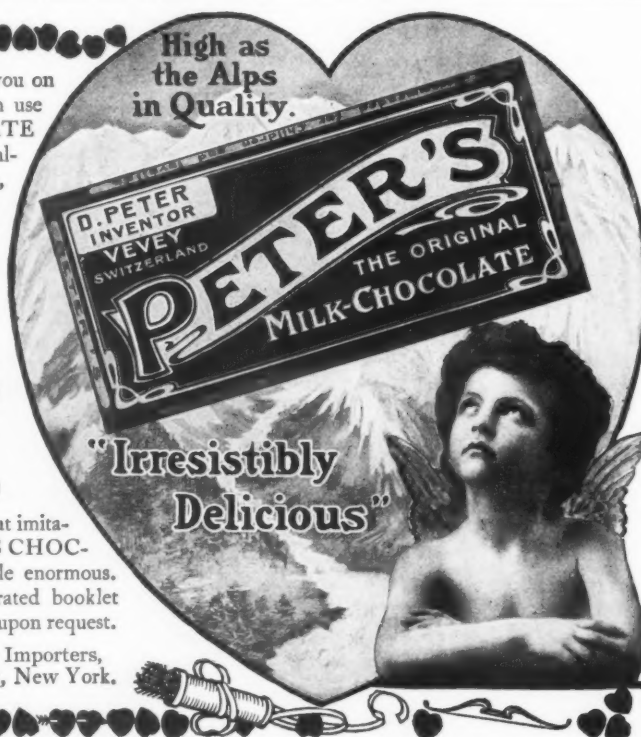
If you want Cupid to help you on St. Valentine's Day, just let him use PETER'S MILK-CHOCOLATE to tip his arrows. PETER'S always makes a hit! Valentines, to be acceptable, must show care and thought in the giver. What better proof of this than sending the best—the dainty, wonderfully smooth, "irresistibly delicious"

PETER'S The Original Swiss Milk Chocolate

Despite many futile attempts at imitation, the popularity of PETER'S CHOCOLATE is universal and its sale enormous.

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Make the best cocktail. A delightful aromatic for all wine, spirit and soda beverages. A tablespoonful in an ounce of sherry or sweetened water after meals, affords relief and aids digestion.

Important to see that it is Abbott's.

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Shortest Line. Fastest Time. Smoothest Track.
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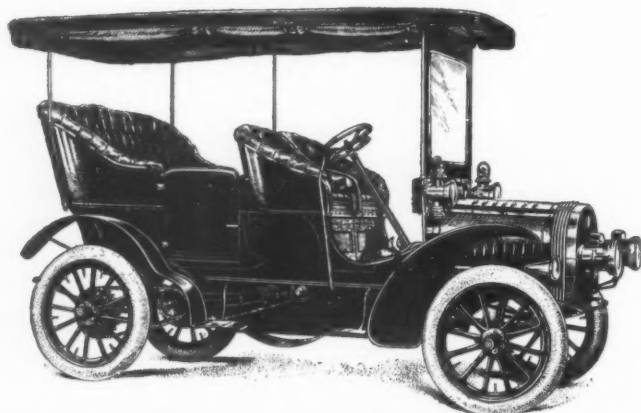


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MARRIED ONE: }

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Rambler



SURREY, TYPE TWO is an unusually beautiful, comfortable, powerful vehicle for touring. The big, luxuriously upholstered seats easily accommodate the average family, while an extra tire and personal luggage may be stowed under the seats. The canopy top, water-proof side curtains, plate-glass swinging front make it possible to travel in all kinds of weather. \$2000, complete with lamps, tools, etc. Full information on request. Other models \$750, \$850, \$1350, \$3000.

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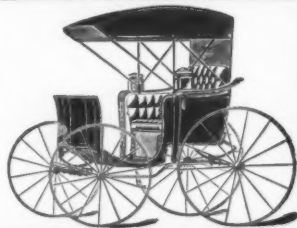
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**THE COLUMBUS
 CARRIAGE AND HARNESS COMPANY,
 COLUMBUS, OHIO.**



tacked the Frohmans and the others solely because they are Jews, their righteous indignation would be laughed at by the Jewish community, and their attempt to shelter themselves beneath the folds of Judea's standard would be resented by the Jewish community. For they are not known as Jews, and some of them have not, until now, shown any desire to be identified as Jews. We doubt whether certain of them would come under the category even of "Kaddish Jews"—so far away are they from all things Jewish, and so anxious have they been (until now) to keep aloof from things Jewish.

Mr. Metcalfe has made an answer to the accusations of these men who have of a sudden discovered that they are Jews. He denies absolutely that he attacked them as Jews, because, he says, "I have never regarded them as worthy representatives of the Jewish people." It has, perhaps, been noticed that men who are worthy to represent us are rarely attacked, either as Jews or otherwise. It is only those who are not representative, those who have dissociated themselves from us, who are the subjects of attack—generally merited. And these are the first to set up the cry of "anti-Semitism" when their thick hides are pierced.

We do not mean to say that worthy members of Jewry are never attacked. Anti-Semitism has spewed its foul venom at our best and worthiest, and many have suffered because they are Jews. But anti-Semitism also compels a number of Jews to suddenly find themselves, as these Jews of the "Theatre Syndicate" have found themselves. In this case, however, we are inclined to think they have found themselves too late.

An Easy Creditor.

IN a certain town of Connecticut a deacon of the church, charged with soliciting subscriptions for a charity, recently experienced considerable difficulty in getting the townsmen to contribute.

To one of his neighbors the deacon said:

"Oh, come, Richard, do give something."

"Sorry, deacon," answered Richard, "but I don't see how I can."

"Why not? Isn't the cause a good one?"

"Oh, yes, the cause is good enough; but I owe too much money."

"But, Richard, you owe God a larger debt than any one else."

"That's true, too," drawled Richard, "but God ain't pushin' me."—*Harper's Weekly.*

CONGRESSMAN COOPER, of Texas, tells about a distinguished army officer who, on one occasion, offered prayer before a regiment. He summed up the causes and objects of the war—the war with Mexico—and asserted that it was no war of conquest, but annexation only, concluding his supplication to the throne of grace with: "I refer you, good Lord, to Polk's message on this subject."

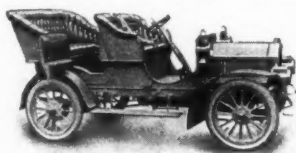
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Hartford and Tribune
AUTOMOBILES

POPE-HARTFORD

The 1905 Model D is thoroughly up to date, has two side entrances and carries five people. The engine is 16 h. p., two cylinder, opposed, high compression. Maximum efficiency in all mechanical parts and great comfort in equipment.


POPE-TRIBUNE

The 1905 Model 4 is a light touring car at moderate cost—two cylinder, 12 h. p. engine; side entrance tonneau of modern design; seating capacity, four.



POPE-HARTFORD MODEL D.

POPE MANUFACTURING CO.
Hartford, Conn.
Address Dept. A for Catalogues.
Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

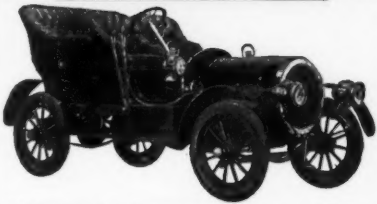


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Four Cylinder, Bevel Gear Drive, Double Ball Bearings, Pressed Steel Frame, Side Entrances, Finish and Trimmings the Finest. January Deliveries.

Our full line of Gasoline and Electric cars will be on exhibition at the New York and Chicago Automobile Shows.

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NATIONAL MOTOR VEHICLE CO.
1021 E. 22nd St., Indianapolis, Ind.



"I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL."

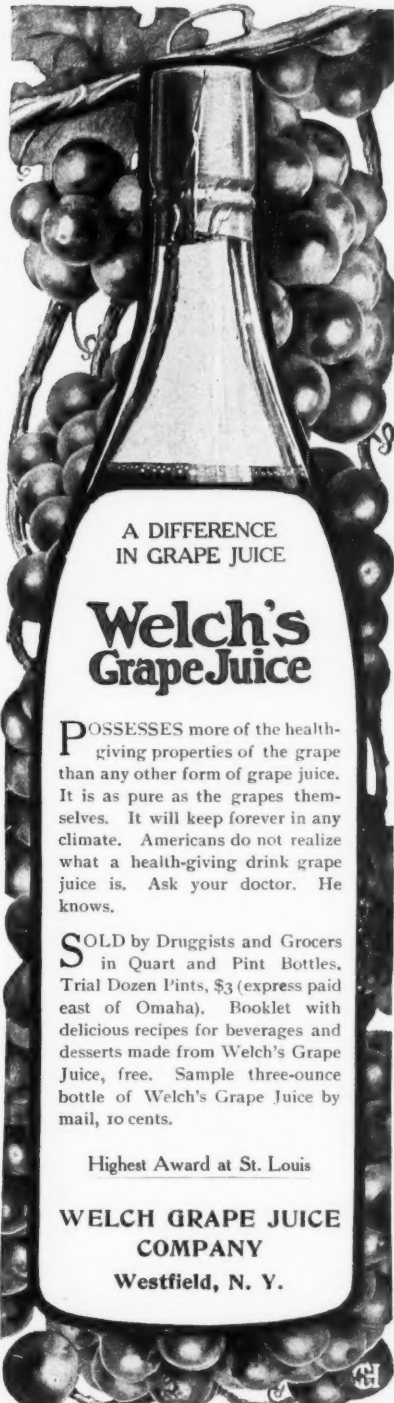
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CONTINENTAL TIRES are made at the greatest tire works in the world—Hanover, Germany. Famed on road and track for speed and durability. Possess remarkable resiliency and inconceivable toughness.

To be safe and sure, see that your new auto is equipped with Continental Tires. Write us for booklet and all details.

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FACTORY, HANOVER, GERMANY.



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**Welch's
Grape Juice**

POSSESSES more of the health-giving properties of the grape than any other form of grape juice. It is as pure as the grapes themselves. It will keep forever in any climate. Americans do not realize what a health-giving drink grape juice is. Ask your doctor. He knows.

SOLD by Druggists and Grocers in Quart and Pint Bottles. Trial Dozen Pints, \$3 (express paid east of Omaha). Booklet with delicious recipes for beverages and desserts made from Welch's Grape Juice, free. Sample three-ounce bottle of Welch's Grape Juice by mail, 10 cents.

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CHICKERING & SONS

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"THE HURRY CALL"

THE Stork—well, the stork has had something to do with all of us. Therefore, this picture possesses a personal interest for every one. It is one of those clever conceits that comes to a clever artist about once in a century. It's worth framing. Matted. 20 x 15 inches.

One dollar

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City

Glad She Went.

IT was at a New England county fair, and two women a little beyond middle-age were seated under a shade-tree by the entrance-gate, when one was heard to say to the other: "So you've been out to St. Louis to the big Exposition. How did you like it?"

"Well, I enjoyed it first-rate—better than I expected to. You see, I didn't care nothing about goin' in the first place, but Silas he was dead set on goin' an' was bound I should go with him—said he wouldn't go unless I did—so I went just to git him off, for I could see that he wanted to go the worst way. An' I was real glad I went, in the end, for when we found that Si's own cousin, Luella Day, lived within sixty miles of St. Louis we concluded to go out an' make them a visit, an' we did have a real nice time. She give me a new reseat for makin' marm'lade out o' green grapes an' another one for tomato pie. You wouldn't think tomatoes would make a pie fit to eat, but you'd be s'prised to know just how good a pie they will make. Then one day while we was in the art-room at the fair a woman come in with a brown Henrietty cloth dress an' cape, an' it give me an idee of just how to make over my brown Henrietty cloth this fall. An' a woman I fell in with one day when I was resting in the shade on a bench told me how to take all kinds of grease-spots out of any kind of goods, and a woman in one place where cooking demonstrations were being given told me how to make lovely batter-cakes out of stale bread an' oatmeal flour. Live an' learn is my motto, so, after all, I was kind o' glad I went, but, for real enjoyment, I don't think the St. Louis show begins to come up to our county fair."—J. L. Harbour, in *January Lippincott's*.

A Question of Accent.

FRANCIS WILSON says that Maurice Barrymore once made the rounds of the offices of the theatrical managers in London, trying to get them to put on a new play that Barrymore himself had written. One of the managers to whom Barrymore had read the play seemed much impressed. Before their interview had ended it had been decided to give the piece an early production and to have Barrymore "do" the leading role. About a week after what Barrymore had supposed was the definitely agreed-upon arrangement had been reached, the actor received a note from the manager asking him to call. When Barrymore responded to the summons the manager said: "I like the play, old fellow, and I'm going to give it a fine production; but, really, I don't see how I can use you in the cast. Your beastly American accent won't do at all, you know. They don't like it here."

"That's odd," said Barrymore; "they tell me on the other side that I won't do on account of my beastly English accent. What on earth am I to do—give recitations on the transatlantic steamers?"—*Harper's Weekly*.

Books Received.

HENRY WILLIAM ELSON'S *History of the United States*, a comprehensive work in one compact volume of nine hundred pages (The Macmillan Company. \$1.75). A series of historical sketches by William Henry Johnson, called *Pioneer Spaniards in North America* (Little, Brown and Company, Boston. \$1.20), and *How America Became a Nation*, by John Fiske (Ginn and Company). Among books for boys there is a story of Robert E. Lee by James Barnes, called *A Son of Light Horse Harry* (Harper and Brothers. \$1.25), a tale of adventure in New Mexico by Captain Charles A. Curtis, U. S. A., called *Captured by the Navajos* (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50), and a Mississippi tale called *Running the River* by George Cary Eggleston (A. S. Barnes and Company). Abbie Farwell Brown publishes a volume of stories for children called *The Flower Princess* (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.00), and S. R. Crockett one of the stories from Scott's novels called *Red Cap Tales* (The Macmillan Company. \$2.00). In the realm of romance *Asalim*, by Mark Ashton, is another tale of Judea in the days of Jezebel and Elijah (L. C. Page and Company. \$1.50). *The Sign of Triumph*, by Sheppard Stevens, is a story of the Children's Crusade (L. C. Page and Company. \$1.50). *Uther and Igraine*, by Warwick Deeping, a romance of the legendary times of King Arthur (The Outlook Company), and *The Story of King Sylvain and Queen Aimee*, an idyl in quaint English, by Margaret Sherwood (The Macmillan Company). Demetrius C. Boulger has written a volume upon *Belgian Life in Town and Country* for the series on Our European Neighbors (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.20). Sarah E. Trueblood writes of Toms and Tabbies in *Cats by the Way* (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$1.25), and *The Micmac*, by S. Carlton, is a nature-book story of Nova Scotia swamps (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.25). Among the poets Wilbur D. Nesbit has a new volume of his verses of childhood, called *The Trail to Toyland* (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis). Thomas Hardy, a satire on bombastic drama, called *The Dynasts, a Drama of the Napoleonic Wars* (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50), and Holman F. Day, author of *Pine Tree Ballads*, a new collection of Maine humor and character verses called *Kin O' Ktaadn* (Small, Maynard and Company). Harry Graham's *Misrepresentative Men* (Fox, Duffield and Company. \$1.00) has some good laughs in it. The purveyor of advice we have always with us. There is *The Mother's Manual*, by Emelyn L. Coolidge, M. D. (A. S. Barnes and Company. \$1.00). *Business Education and Accountancy*, by the late Charles Waldo Haskins (Harper and Brothers. \$2.00). *Conquering Success*, a collection of talks by William Matthews, LL. D., author of *Getting Along in the World* (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50), and *The Blue Grass Cook Book*, by Minnie C. Fox (Fox, Duffield and Company. \$1.50). *My Old Maid's Corner* is a little volume of pleasant comment and soliloquy by Lillie Hamilton French (The Century Company. \$1.00), and *The Shape of Fear*, a little book of ghost stories, by Elia W. Peattie (The Macmillan Company). *Crozier's General Armory*, a register of American families entitled to bear coat armor, by William Armstrong Crozier, F. R. S., is a reference book whose silences are eloquent (Fox, Duffield and Company. \$3.00).

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Poems of William Morris. Edited by Percy R. Colwell. (Thomas Y. Crowell and Company. \$2.00.)
School Civics. By Frank David Boynton. (Ginn and Company. \$1.10.)
Is There a Santa Claus? By Jacob A. Riis. (The Macmillan Company. 75c.)
Adventures of Pinocchio. From the Italian of C. Collodi. (Ginn and Company.)
Bridge Developments. By Edmund Robertson and A. Hyde Wollaston. (Brentano's. \$1.25.)

How You Can Play Your Piano

with the aid of the

ANGELUS

See how conveniently everything is arranged for the natural position of the two hands when the performer is seated at the instrument

No. 1—The little PUSH-BUTTONS operated by the left hand, for softening the Bass or the Treble of the piano independently of each other. (Patented.)

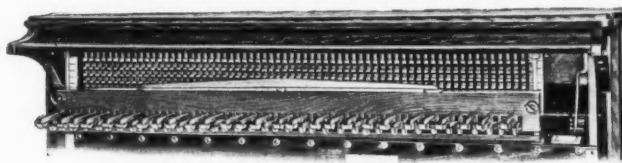
No. 2 is the ACCENT LEVER, to render EMPHASIS to melody notes as occasion demands. (Patented.)

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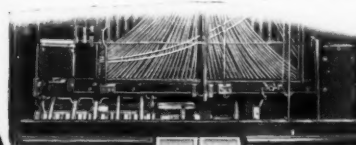
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LIFE

IN THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

FOLKS married then for good,
And took due previous thought,
Nor ever guessed they could
Back out, once they were caught.

When gallants offer now,
They say: "I like you well.
Let's make no lasting vow,
But try me for a spell!"

E. S. M.





"While there is Life there's Hope."

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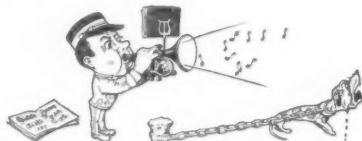
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NO man may predict the end of what began by the massacre in St. Petersburg on January 22. When

the army of striking workmen, led by Father Gapon, begged to see the Czar and present their petition to him, it became inevitable that if they persisted in their purpose of marching in force to the palace, and the Czar refused to see them, they would be dispersed by troops and there would be loss of life. They did persist, the Czar refused to see them, and ran away to his summer palace. His Cossacks and Guards charged upon the mob, killed 2,000 of them, men, women and children, and wounded 5,000 more. The significance of all this is not in the number killed and hurt, but in the general state of Russia, the state of mind of the Russian people, and the character of the Czar. A member of the Czar's household was quoted as saying on the day of the St. Petersburg riots: "This conflict will end the war with Japan, and Russia will have a constitution or Emperor Nicholas will lose his head." The fact that, all things considered, this does not seem an improbable forecast, makes all intelligent observers turn to St. Petersburg with the gravest thoughts.

Reasonable liberty, and, eventually, constitutional liberty, must come to Russia, and come soon. How soon and by what processes it will come is not yet clear, but since 1793 a social crisis so ominous has threatened no great European country as threatens Russia now.



LAWSON is like the grip. The worst of him is the after effects. If it is true that imitation is the sincerest flattery, he is the best flattered man out. Advertisements in rivalry of his crop out in the newspapers like ambitious weeds; magazines that feel the need of stimulating features bid for public attention, either by supplementing or refuting his attacks. What a remarkably fine revivalist he would have made! We think it is indisputable that he has helped to stir up a prodigious amount of interest in some contemporary methods of money-making. He has roused readers by the hundred thousand to a sense of the sinfulness of other folks. If he had used the same energy and talent to rouse them to an appreciation of their own sins he would probably have done pretty well at that. The dimensions of his talent, especially of his literary gift, may be measured by comparison. His imitators cannot do the trick.



MR. ROBERT HUNTER, quoting Charles Booth, says that one-third of the population of London is distressfully poor. Without reliable figures to guide him, Mr. Hunter guesses that fully one-third of the population of New York is in the same condition, and that distressful poverty prevails in this country to an extent not at all appreciated. We wonder (ignorantly enough) how much the spread of poverty is extended by too many men getting hold of too large parcels of money that they ought to let alone. Does that make much difference? Does the franchise-grabbing and stock-watering, and trust-forming

and monopoly-building that makes some rich men so much richer, contribute materially to impoverish the poor? Profits won by methods that make the public richer are at least excusable, but money diverted is not "made." It comes out of somebody in the end. The profits that are exciting the most concern just now are those believed to be gravitating into the strong boxes of Mr. Ogden Armour and his accomplices of the Beef Trust. Their concern ranks for the moment as the boss ogre. It seems they supply us with most of our meat, vegetables, fruit and other perishable products, that they kill off all competition, that they control the refrigerator-car service on all the railroads so that no small butcher has any chance; that they buy beef on the hoof so cheap that the producer can't live, compel the railroads to haul it at a loss, and sell it so dear that the consumer can't live.



NOW if a tithe of these awful stories are true, Mr. Armour must be about the greatest poverty-breeder out of jail. We wonder what Mr. Hunter thinks about him, and what he thinks about himself. Like as not he is a young man of a particularly humane disposition, kind to animals and indulgent to children, and who does the kind of thing he does because it is the only kind of interesting thing that he ever learned how to do. He does it well. It is too bad the public can't hire him to make food cheap instead of dear. Why not draft him to serve on the Interstate Commerce Commission? In war times the Government is entitled to the services of any citizen whose services it needs. In times of peace its right to his services is just as valid as in time of war, and provided the need is great enough the services should be exacted. Would not the cure of our difficult problems that concern railroad rates and trust matters be promoted by drafting half a dozen such men as Mr. Armour, Mr. J. J. Hill, Mr. Morgan and Mr. Harriman into the Government service, and putting them to work?



JANUARY



THE MIKADO'S NEW YEARS GIFT.



A NEW AMBASSADOR



HARMONY.



BOYS WILL BE BOYS.



ALFONSO SEEKS A BRIDE.

F. T. RICHARD.



WHEN POLO BECOMES A COLLEGE GAME.

**From a
Homemade Son
to a Homespun Father.**

NEW YORK.

DEAR DAD: There's no place like home—when you're broke. But I shall linger here awhile yet, because I haven't got carfare. I put on my Sunday suit and presented one of your letters of introduction this afternoon. Please send me another hundred. Don't blame me. The

letter and my country clothes did it.

Harold.

NEW YORK.

DEAR DAD: How's your game leg? Where's that hundred? I'm living at present at the Waldorf—that is, in the daytime. I have the whole lower floor, with letter paper thrown in. I am bounded on the north by the cab drivers' union, on the east by Oscar's low-necked palm room, on the south by a news-stand, where it's a toss-up between yellow hair and journalism, and on the west by the Chicago gang of stock speculators. When I get hungry I saunter over to the ticker and read the food quotations from Chicago, and my stomach curls up and drops dead. But when the shades of evening fall, I saunter through the subway and join the Mills Hotel. Send that hundred along by fast freight, for I need some New York clothes.

Harold.

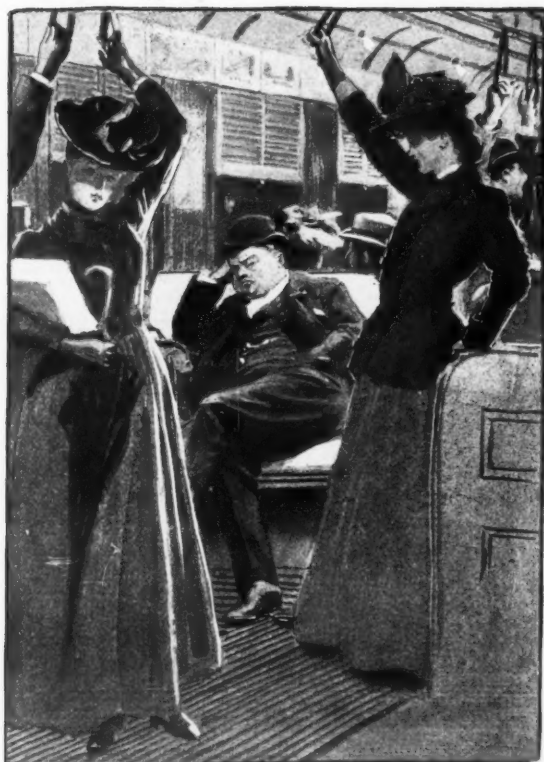
NEW YORK.

DEAR DAD: About that letter. I handed it in to the President of the United States, or some gorgeously dressed side-partner of his, who happened to be guarding the entrance to the humble cottage of your old friend Peter McFudge, on upper Fifth Avenue. How Peter must have changed since the old days, when he clerked with you in

the general store! I enclose a clipping from a New York paper about some of his latest doings. He wasn't in when I called, but his last wife broke through the lines and led me past about four million dollars' worth of unblushing Venuses and other bric-à-brac, into a room where there was a bunch of Gotham girl-gamblers. I didn't know it then, but I do now. They were all playing bridge, and Mrs. McF. asked me to cut in. Say, Dad, have you ever



Wild Animal Sketches.



A HOG.



ASS.

played the game? I played whist with the Deacons at home, and thought I was the real thing. But when the Fifth Avenue harvest reaper went over me, I was as bare as a pumpkin patch on Christmas eve. They got everything except my clothes, and they didn't seem to want them, though his wife said they made me look so much like the pictures of Peter when he struck town that she'd like to have them. Send the hundred by fast freight, long distance 'phone, or wire at your expense.

Harold.

(Clipping.)

IS IT McFUDGE?

SUDDEN FLURRY IN STOCKS CAUSED BY MANIPULATION.

NOBODY SEEMS TO KNOW.

THE MASTER-HAND OF FINANCE CLOSETED IN HIS OFFICE FOR HOURS WITH THE HEADS OF SIX TRUSTS. GREAT EXCITEMENT WHEN THE FACT IS KNOWN. RUMORS OF A NEW COPPER COMBINATION.

There is something doing in the Street. This morning Peter McFudge, accompanied by his three private secretaries and a chauffeur, entered his office through the back door.

The market at once fell off three points. At ten o'clock it was learned that his auto had broken down at Chambers Street, on his way down, and he was ashamed to walk in the front entrance. The market promptly recovered.

But when the heads of six of our justly celebrated trusts walked in, evidently by appointment, to see the great magnate, the news rapidly spread. In a few moments it was known that McFudge's office boy and a director in two of his companies were driving copper on the market. A temporary

panic ensued. Loans aggregating \$8,000,000 were called, and Washington was notified.

It then became known that our largest financial interests had come to the rescue, and steady orders steadied the market once again. The close was fairly strong, but feverish.

It is estimated that McFudge's profits were three millions, not including the repairs on his automobile, which may reduce this somewhat.

NEW YORK.

DEAR DAD: Hitch up the automobile and hurry along that hundred. To-day I had to take a job as office boy in an undertaker's establishment. I carry flowers and look sad. My clothes make me feel that way, anyway. The boss says he will advance me to the condolence department if there is a vacancy. Man just ahead of me is delicate and my prospects are bright. Boss told him to-day not to worry. If worst came to worst, he would have a grand send-off at lowest price to the trade. Mortgage the farm if necessary, but send along that hundred.

Harold.

NEW YORK.

DEAR DAD: Lost my job. If you can't let me have the hundred right away, I'll have to walk home and disgrace the family.

How's the new cream separator? Have you husked the corn yet? And once more, how about that hundred?

Harold.



A SILLY GOOSE.



A LUCKY DOG.

NEW YORK.

DEAR DAD: Hundred came. I was just about to step off the earth. To-day I bought copper with it. McFudge put me on. He said: "Young man, don't gamble, but do as I tell you." McFudge seems to be all right. "Can it be possible," said McFudge, "that you are the son of my dear old friend?" Then he wanted to know why I hadn't come to see him when I got to town, and I told him that when I called at his house I had been held up, and he laughed till the tears rolled down his face. "My boy, my boy," he cried, "that's the only game I have never been able to beat."

Harold.

NEW YORK.

DEAR DAD: To-day I sold copper and bought a new suit with my profits. It took them all, and I am afraid McFudge considers me extravagant. He said: "The man who knows how to buy clothes knows the whole secret of business success. I could tell you how, but it will be better for you to learn for yourself." To-day McFudge told me to sell copper short. Also gave me a place in his cash emporium. McFudge is all to the good. He says he's going to boost me for old times' sake. McFudge says if a man has the right stuff in him, and the right stuff on him, he can get trusted anywhere, which is the secret of success.

Harold.

NEW YORK.

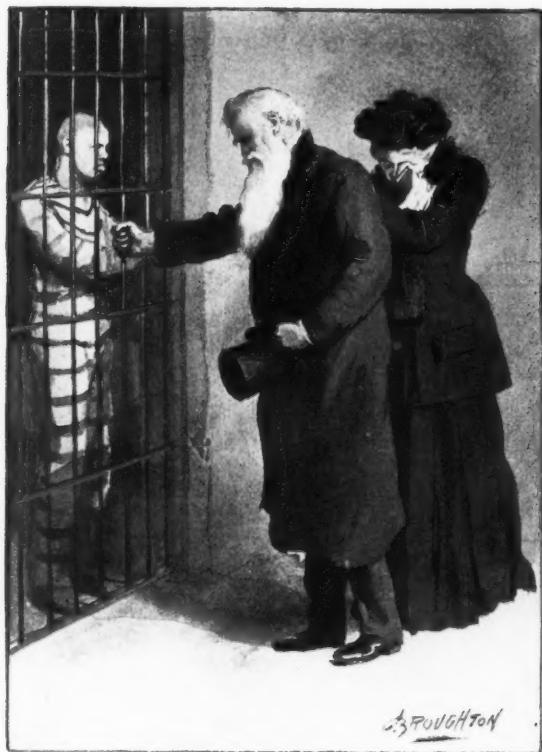
DEAR DAD: Bought copper to-day. By the way, did you ever hear of pajamas? You wear them on yourself at night—that is, if you have the price. They are the things that get you into the Smart Set. You wouldn't stand a ghost of a show with an ordinary night-shirt. I bought a suit yesterday, and spent the night trying to get on good terms with them. McFudge says that when you can wear pajamas as if you had been born in them, you feel the same way in evening clothes. It works at both ends. McFudge is all right. He raised my salary to-day, and I'll bet it was all on account of those pajamas. How's the peach crop? It's first-rate here.

Harold.

NEW YORK.

DEAR DAD: Sold copper to-day. I kind of felt in my bones that it was going to take a tumble, and it did, but luckily I was on top and didn't get hurt. McFudge told me to quit after this, and substitute my brains for my nervous system. He says it's all right for a man to gamble a little in the matrimonial line, with life and death, with faith, hope, charity and friendship, but not in bridge and Wall Street. I guess McFudge is right.

I am saving up my money to buy more clothes. McFudge says that wardrobes and friendships need repairs constantly. To-day I left Mills and moved up-town at



A BLACK SHEEP.

night. Mills hated to have me go, but I was afraid my pajamas might make talk. I'm living near McFudge now—just one avenue apart. He's on Fifth Avenue and I'm on Sixth. That's where I go him one better. *Harold.*

Harold.

NEW YORK.

DEAR DAD : McFudge caught me drinking a highball today and called me into his private office and lit on me like a thousand of bricks. He said : "Young man, I was your father's friend, and I am your friend. You have great natural executive ability, but an executive ability with a thirst is something I can't use in my business." I guess he was right. "Rum," said McFudge, "is all well enough for society leaders and tramps, because we don't want to go too long on the useless members of society. But it wasn't intended for you and me."

Harold.

Harold,

NEW YORK.

DEAR GOVERNOR: How is the old farm looking nowadays? Is the mortgage still on? I enclose a hundred for a rainy day. I also take back what I said about that letter of introduction. If McFudge had been at home that day instead of the President of the United States, those girl-gamblers wouldn't have got a long shot at me. But it came out all right.

Harold.

Harold.

Misplaced Confidence.

I PRAISED Jane's beauty, and Amanda's wit ;
Each told the other : now I'm out of it.

An Example.

THE AUTHOR'S WIFE: How can you write an up-to-date sea story, when you haven't been on the water for years?

THE AUTHOR: Well, I've been married for twenty years, and yet I can write a love story.

When the Blow Fell.

THE NEW MAID: Madam, your husband is lying unconscious in the library, with a large box beside him and crushing a paper in his hand.

MADAM: Ah, my new hat has come!

CLARA: Didn't you consider the Duke a good bargain?

MAUDE: Why, no—he was a little more than a remnant.

MAUDE: Why, no—he was a little more than a remnant.



THOSE GIRLS.

Miranda : MR. SPOONER CALLED UPON ME LAST NIGHT, DEAR, AND TOLD ME OF HIS LOVE !

Myrtilla: OF WHICH ONE?



VARIATIONS OF THE OLD, SWEET SONG.



THE FIRST VALENTINE.



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"WISH I WAS A DOG"

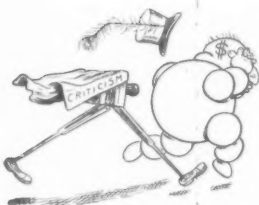


H I WAS A DOG."



Disowned.

PROMPT confirmation comes to LIFE's belief that the better class of Jews would not respond to the cry for help put up by the desperate members of the Theatrical Trust. Those men claimed and bellowed that they were being persecuted by LIFE because they were Jews. Just inside the cover of this number will be found the response to their cry, given by the leading Jewish publication in this city. It is a carefully and ably written leader from the *Jewish Daily News*, in which they are told what is thought of them by the race which they claim LIFE is "baiting." Disowned by the race and creed which they dishonor, despised by Jew and Gentile alike, where will they turn next? We could find it in our hearts to pity them were it not that they still hold arrogantly in their hands the interests of dramatic art in America, and exercise a despotic sway over the lives and fortunes of hundreds of helpless persons who are dependent on them for their daily bread. Tribute daily pours into their already overflowing coffers from more than six hundred theatres, covering almost every city and town in the United States. *Five per cent.* (and sometimes more) of the entire receipts of practically every theatrical performance in the United States goes into their pockets. No wonder they fancy that their caprice is higher than the law. No wonder they forget the sense of fair play and justice which is an abiding quality in the breasts of the American people. No wonder they are blind to the writing on the wall.



THE merits and demerits of at least two performances would be recorded in these columns were it not that the writer had been branded by these men as "an objectionable person." In behalf of the readers of LIFE the writer sought entrance, among other places, to the performances of "The Duchess of Dantzic" at Daly's, and "The Money Makers" at the Liberty, and although having paid his way as usual, was denied admittance, presumably because of opinions which have been expressed in LIFE, and with which its readers are familiar. From persons of credibility and judgment it



EVENING COSTUMES SUGGESTED FOR THE USE OF LIFE'S
DRAMATIC CRITIC.

is learned that the first of these performances is an agreeable musical setting of the Napoleonic story which is told in dramatic form in "Madame Sans Gêne," and that the second is a dull farce. If the readers of LIFE will forgive these second-hand opinions for a short time, it is believed that before long it will be possible for this journal to supply dramatic reviews at first-hand as heretofore. Meanwhile LIFE craves their indulgence. Just at the present moment there seems to be nothing for LIFE's critic to do but go away back and sit down alongside of poor old Aristides.

* * *

THE present situation brings irresistibly to mind the bibulous gentleman who had about reached the end of his tether.

"You can make up your mind," said his doctor, "that if you ever take another drink of whiskey, you'll go stone-blind."

"All right, doc," replied the patient. "I've seen about everything that's worth seeing."

Metcalfe.



BUSINESS METHODS APPLIED TO THE POWER
OF THE PRESS.

From Our Readers.

THE little difficulty between LIFE and the Theatrical Trust has brought to us a mass of commendation from those who read this journal. From the letters we have received we are able to use only a few extracts, but the following will show the general trend of opinion :

A SUGGESTION.

"Allow me to congratulate you on your recent legal victory. Now 'up and at 'em' again with renewed vigor and more power to your helpful pen."

THERE ARE.

"I simply want to say that you're all right. I'm so glad to see one man who can say what he thinks about the Theatrical Managers' Association and their products. I wish there were more like you."

WE'VE DOUBLED ON THEM.

"To be barred by 47 is indeed an honor. Had it been by only one, I should have been sad indeed to think they held you in such light esteem, but as the whole bunch are in full cry after you, good luck to you !"

WE HOPE SO, TOO.

"It is my hope and belief that you will bear yourself so bravely and wisely that the step just taken against you will be regretted to the last day of their lives, by the men who have the amusement lovers of America by the throat."

A BIG JOB FOR THE BLACKSMITH.

"An entire stranger to you personally, but an appreciative reader for many years of your unbiased criticisms, tenders his congratulations upon the stand you have taken. May your shadow never grow less and may your ceaseless hammerings finally weld the insensate mass into some semblance of common decency."

THIS IS FOR THE PUBLIC TO DO.

"By putting Klaw and Erlanger out of business you will greatly recompense a family who have suffered for years at the hands of the above-mentioned. Our every wish for your success in your attack against them."

STRIKE UP THE BAND.

"Apropos of Mr. Metcalfe's being refused admission to the New York theatres because the Theatrical Syndicate do not like his criticisms, I suppose we will next hear that he is not allowed entrance to automobile races, horse shows and even matrimony on account of jokes on mothers-in-law. If not, why not? Poor Mr. Metcalfe! He has my sympathy. Death, and as a funeral march, 'You can't play in my back yard,' is all that remains to him."

MILWAUKEE SUFFERS, TOO.

"We are glad that you beat out K. & E., and every man and all of the matinee women want to send you a vote of thanks. The above-said firm does not treat the Western people right in the matter of entertainments and we rejoice at their getting something back."

OF OUR OPINION.

"Good boy! A purveyor of public entertainments cannot legally exclude any orderly person from a performance when presenting proper voucher entitling him to admission. The writer is not an attorney looking for a job, but simply an obscure citizen who admires your independence."

BRIEF BUT TELLING.

"I enclose five dollars as a subscription to LIFE to back up the 'objectionable person' in his tilt with the Trust."



FROM A DISTINGUISHED LAWYER.

"Railroads, hotels, etc., have to pay heavily for so treating men like Mr. Metcalfe; why should the 'Syndicate' fare any better? The 'Syndicate' is so stingy, and pays brains, upon the board or behind the pen, so little that they will finally be defeated by their own greed."

A LOGICAL CONCLUSION.

"The community certainly owes you a debt of gratitude for your persistent and justifiable criticism of the Theatrical Trust and I can only wish that those of your readers who appreciate your work would tell you so. The imbecile efforts to prevent Mr. Metcalfe's admission to the Trust theatres show how hard they were hit and that they are not invulnerable to criticism."

BUT THIS IS A CIVILIZED COMMUNITY.

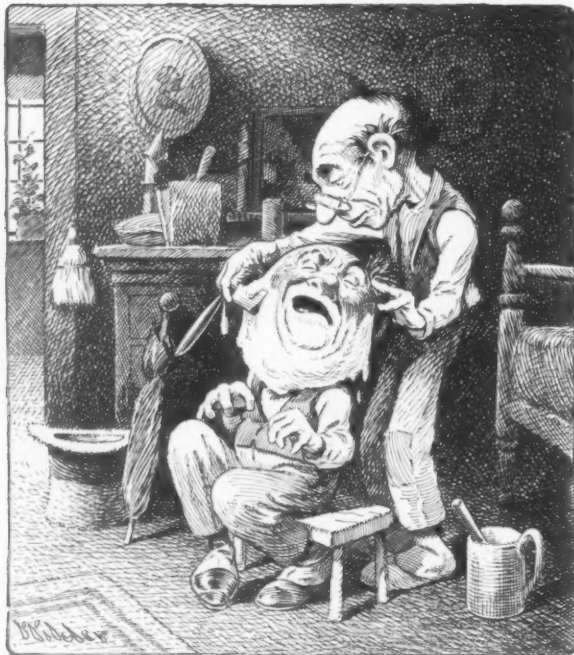
"Threats of assault by Klaw & Co. on you entitle you to a license to carry a 'gun.' Do so and at first blow give them some lead."

From Our Contemporaries.

THE question of barring the reputable representative of a publication from places of amusement is naturally of interest to the press. It has elicited columns of comment from which, as being of interest to LIFE's readers, we make the following few extracts :

NOT TWO DOLLARS, BUT TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS.

"The chances are that the Constitution and about two dollars will suffice to get Mr. Metcalfe or any other peace-keeping critic into any old theatre, managers to the contrary notwithstanding; but suppose otherwise — what could Mr. Metcalfe do? He appears to have a nice conception of the range of non-libelous comment and a lancet pene-



BELIEVED HIM.

The Shaver: YOU SEE, TO US THINKIN' FOLKS THE OLD-FASHIONED THEORY OF FUTURE PUNISHMENT IS ALL BOSH. NOW, I BELIEVE THAT A MAN GETS ALL THE HELL HE EVER CAN, RIGHT HERE

The Victim: RIGHT YOU ARE!

trating enough to get under the hide. He could Lawsonize the theatrical world with some very diverting 'frenzied drama,' no doubt. Better not monkey with the critics, Mr. Theatrical Man. The people are getting tremendously fond of fair play.

"Getting back to the concrete situation, it does seem odd that the managerial magnates would have nerve enough to sue for libel on account of a cartoon on the Iroquois disaster. Beaten in the libel suit, they don't accept the licking in a proper American spirit, but show their teeth."—*St. Louis Republic*.

A FELLOW FEELING.

"Thrice lucky Jim, I envy him,
His smile expansive grows,
No greater bliss could be than this,
To view no first night shows.
Of verbal stunt I'd bear the brunt,
To Hebrew blows submit,
If one would say to me to-day:
'You are not wanted, quit.'"

—*The Dramatic Critic of Town Topics*.

A CONNECTICUT VIEW.

"It will be a dangerous precedent if it can be established that a manager can exclude any person from a public theatre simply because he is *persona non grata*. It is proverbial that managers dislike critics who tell the whole truth about performances. The public is entitled to the truth, but if those who speak it are to be barred, the press can be muzzled with czarlike arrgance.

"If a theatre can eject a too-frank patron, why cannot a hotel eject a guest who criticises its bill of fare or a railroad refuse to carry a commuter who speaks his mind about its faults of management?

"The managers can refuse passes to Mr. Metcalfe, but we are inclined to think that if he pays his way he will have a very promising damage case against any theatre which puts him out of its doors by physical force, as it will have to do if he has the 'sand' we think he has."—*Waterbury Republican*.

BUT THE TRUST OWNS BOSTON, TOO.

"Editor Metcalfe, if excluded in New York, will find the train service to Boston admirably suited to his needs as a dramatic critic. The noon train brings him over here in time for dinner and the play; the midnight gets him back to his stenographer early next morning."—*Boston Transcript*.

A BUSINESS TIP.

"Klaw and Erlanger owe to the press whatever success they win in their business. It may sometime occur to them that the kind of warfare they are waging on Mr. Metcalfe as a newspaper man is of such a character as to enlist the sympathies of the press at large, and if the *Fourth Estate* concludes to line up in defense of honest speech in this instance it may be all over with the theatrical gentlemen who carry things with such a high hand."—*Buffalo News*.

LIFE WASN'T LOOKING FOR ADVERTISEMENT.

"The little affair between the editor of *LIFE* and the New York Theatrical Trust, that controls forty-seven theatres in the big city, is more interesting than the performances of the forty-seven theatres combined. *LIFE*'s criticisms of the Trust and its theatres have blistered a lot of managerial backs, with the result that Editor Metcalfe was sued for damages by one theatrical firm, and now has been barred from all the said forty-seven theatres. It is evidently a series of triumphs for the gentle and brilliant satirist. He won his lawsuit only to be immediately threatened with a 'licking' in public; and now whenever he visits one of the forty-seven theatres newspaper reporters by the dozen tag along to see whether he is ejected from the playhouse. Mr. Metcalfe has reached the unprecedented distinction, finally, of announcing for the benefit of the press what theatre he intends to visit twenty-four hours ahead. He does not invariably make a clean hit, but he appears to be scoring heavily this time. As an advertiser of *LIFE* the Theatrical Trust fairly outdoes itself."—*Springfield Republican*.

SOME SHORT ONES.

"Is the Theatrical Managers' Association trying to kill the fatted Metcalfe?"—*Town Topics*.

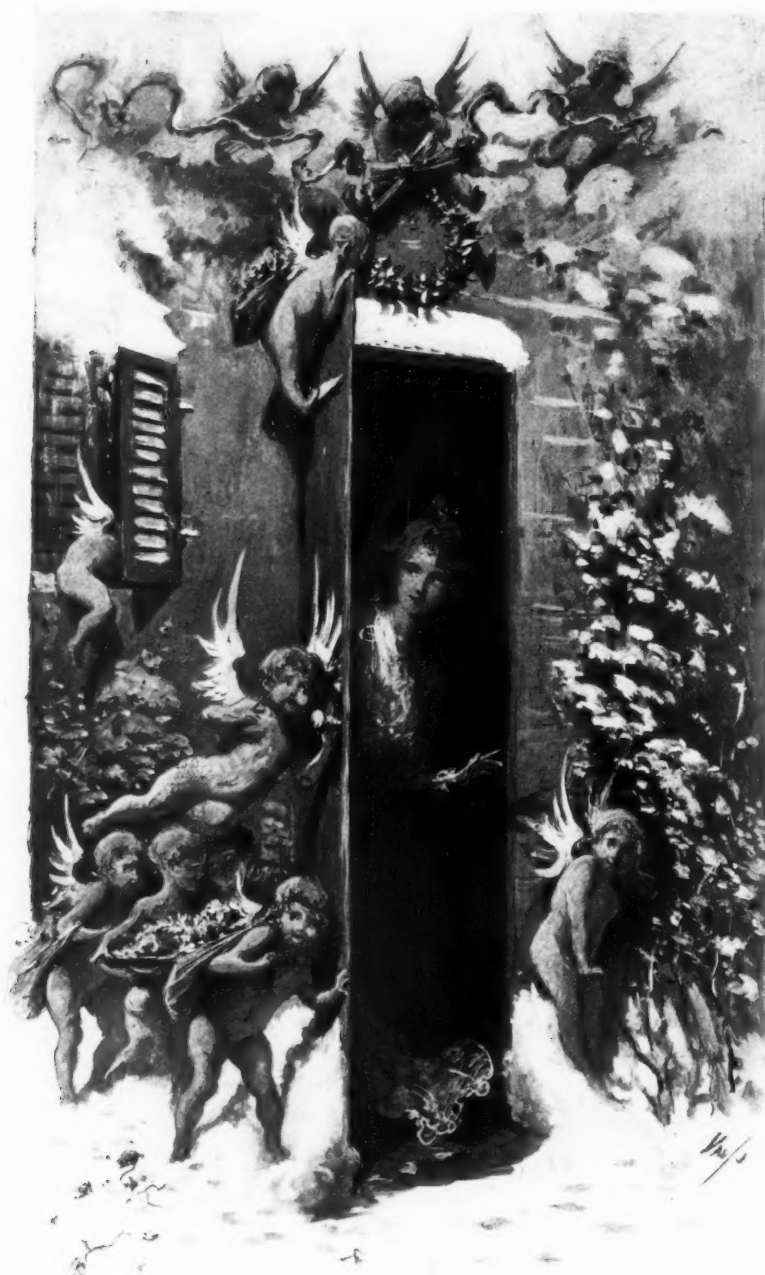
"When the Broadway houses are filled New York's theatre crowd numbers 21,496—not counting Editor Metcalfe."—*Boston Record*.

"James S. Metcalfe, of *LIFE*, has got a joke on his hands that is as funny as anything that has appeared in *LIFE* for many a day."—*Holyoke Transcript*.

"Mr. Erlanger's onslaught on Mr. Metcalfe was, to some extent, an attempt by a theatrical manager to silence an inconveniently frank dramatic critic by threats and intimidation."—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*.

"The firm lost the suit, and now it is reported that they propose to get even with the editor by having him shut out of all theatres in that city, even if he buys tickets. If the editor should now bring suit against the managers he would again win and they would lose. Spite-work will not stand in the courts."—*Exchange*.

"The incident is similar to one in England recently, in which the theatrical managers were defeated in their attempt to keep a famous critic from entering their theatres, and the outcome of the New York attempt will be watched with interest. Mr. Metcalfe, whose reviews of New York attractions are among the brightest and keenest published in that city, has already been sued for libel, and recently one of the Syndicate managers solemnly announced that he was intending to thrash Mr. Metcalfe soundly."—*Glens Falls Times*.



VALENTINE VOICES.

Remedy.

"DOCTOR, isn't there anything I can do for this seasickness?"
"Why, yes. Try farming."

A GREAT deal of time is wasted in doing things before they are started, and then doing them over again after they are done.

The Woes of a Strenuous Spirit.

IT was a weary-looking ghost
That sat beside my bed,
Apparently he was a most
Dissatisfied and peevish ghost,
And this was what he said:

"My duty is to answer calls
For many mediums,
To nightly visit public halls,
To tumble chairs and tap on walls
And play on horns and drums.

"To enter séances and meet
With folk I do not know,
And when my business they entreat,
In spectral whispers I repeat,
'I am your brother Jo!'

"And when I go to see the Hub
There's little rest for me,
Some meddling Psychic Research Club
Begins my character to drub
Till I would fain be free.

"From Beacon Hill to Panama
I'm billed to do my stunts,
From Steubenville to Omaha,
From Maine to Philadelphia—
Full forty towns at once.

"And Minot Savage oft will look
Upon me as a swiper,
And say, 'Come hither, Mr. Spook—
Please take this package and this book
Across to Mrs. Piper.'

"In life I was a quiet cuss
Who led a quiet life;
I little thought it could be thus,
That death could be so strenuous,
The grave so full of strife.

"O Mister, don't you want a spook
To work about your home,
To mind the door, to help the cook,
To dust your hearth and ingle-nook
And haunt you in the gloam?

"O Sir!" he cried—but that was all,
For with a sad sobriety
He vanished quickly through the wall
To 'tend a far-off hurry call
From some Research Society.

Wallace Irwin.

Complete.

"WHAT shall I furnish my cozy corner with?"

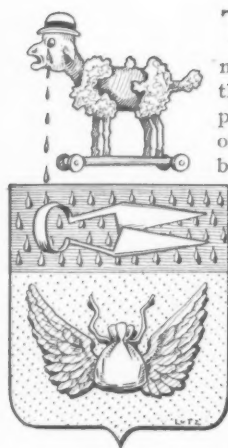
CLEVERTON: Oh, any good, desirable, seventeen-year-old blonde.

Tit for Tat.

"HOW did their marriage turn out?"

"As usual. Each one succeeded in disappointing the family of the other."

Copper.



THE air of America, the atmosphere of the streets, the steamy ozone of office and market, the breathing space of editorial dens, the advertising and misleading columns of papers, the mouths of ministers and the ears of patriots are all now full of copper—nothing but copper.

The average American has a soul sensitive to minerals. Some races rage over liberty; nations war for commerce and tribes for territory; but the American is the only one who loses temper and sleep over minerals. Yesterday, gold and silver made countless thousands roar; later, the fate of pig-iron shook the Republic; again men trembled for Freedom when steel was mentioned; and time was when the fate of administrations hung on the verdict of tin.

Now the metal of the hour is copper.

There are three classes of copper, each different from the others in what the pragmatic press agent would term contemporaneous human interest. First is the Copper of Politics, which is amiable, condescending and Irish, with a large percentage of mettle in it; second is the Copper of Commerce, which is real, actual, salable and all metal; and third is the Copper of Finance, which is papery, peppery, delusive, intangible, stocky, marketable and utterly devoid of metal, a bone to pick such as the greedy and unwise dog saw reflected in the water. The Copper of Politics, though found in vast lodes in New York, is not valuable commercially; the Copper of Commerce is worth about twelve cents a pound; and the Copper of Finance, while worth about three cents a ton to the sucker, is a gold mine to the pious and patriotic promoter of its fortunes.

While there are many Coppers of Finance, the most sacred and hallowed is that one whose high priest is Rockefeller, whose guardian is the Jolly Rogers, and whose barker is Tom Lawson—Amalgamated Copper.

Once upon a time Amalgamated Copper was a loose collection of mines, claims, attachments, lawsuits, mortgages and injunctions, and its weary owner, tired of walking delegates, rheumatism, Heinze, litigation, Montana judges and other forms of trouble, offered the job lot to Rockefeller for ten millions. The shocked and outraged John D. said, "Sir, this is either extortion or insanity. Am I a collector of brown paper bundles, a Cassie Chadwick or a Carnegie, that you should make such a proposition to me? If you are willing to accept \$48,167.49 and a golf set of 1897, I'll trade; otherwise, I may call the police."

John D. fainted when the discouraged owner snapped up his offer, and he realized too late the folly of reckless bidding.

Calling his friends Rogers and Lawson to him he led them into a Baptist basement, and drawing the blinds, he said, "Here is a good thing; but it would be immoral to reorganize this watermelon unless the common people were given a chance at it. The question of an equitable valuation has troubled me. I have prayed over it, and though

I paid fifty millions for it, I fear I buncoed the seller. Conscience doth make cowards of us all. My partiality for water, as a consistent Baptist, leads me to ask you to make a valuation for stock purposes. I dare not do it."

"As Christian gentlemen," said Henry Rogers, gently, "we must safeguard the interests of the widow and orphan. While doubtless worth one hundred millions, I will never consent to a capitalization of more than seventy-five. Duty before riches has ever been the guiding star of my well-lived life."

"Boys," murmured Tom Lawson, "as you know, there is poetry in my system, and sentiment and a love of literary values, though I hate publicity. In memory of the happy days when I stood behind a bargain counter, let us make it seventy-five millions and forty-nine cents. The grand old American investor—our perennial friend, the sucker—has a sentimental passion for a job lot and bargain-counter prices; and the forty-nine cents will be a guaranty of our good faith and our fidelity to religion and tradition. Are you on?"

"Always the poet and dreamer," said John D., with a sad smile.

"A man of heart and feelings," remarked Rogers, with emotion. "I bow to your sentiment against my business judgment. The forty-nine goes; though I favor conservatism which begets confidence. Never overdo things. Ten inches to the foot and three quarts to the gallon has always been my rule."

"Well, my Christian brethren," said Tom, briskly, "how do we divvy?"

"As an expert in division and separation," Mr. Rogers went on, "I would suggest we laborers are worthy of our hire. Twenty-five millions go to John D. for his name and religious reputation; my influence with the banks is worth another twenty-five; your winning ways with the sucker, Tom, ought to be worth fifteen; and that leaves ten millions for sundries and lawyers, and forty-nine cents for a working capital. That occurs to me as a fair division of the watermelon."

The friends separated; Lawson and Rogers for Boston, John D. for prayer meeting.

It is alleged that poor Tom was swindled, and only got ten millions, hardly enough to pay for advertising; and this treachery made him despondent, and he lost faith in his fellow-men. The stroke of the serpent's tooth hurt the buoyant heart, and the suckers were fighting for the stock.

Then the militant literary spirit in the man was roused; the outraged advertising lion woke, and Lawson went after the traitors with a pail of ink and a virile pen. In the hands of men entirely grateful the pen is mightier than the sore head; and soon Copper, the American idol, had the appearance of a Russian battleship after an Oriental exchange of compliments.

Copper is dethroned and is now on the broad path that leads to the junk-shop; the three musketeers of finance speak no more forever; the system looks like thirty cents in coppers; and the Copper of Politics is standing around waiting for the psychological moment when he will be called in to collect the pieces and keep the peace.

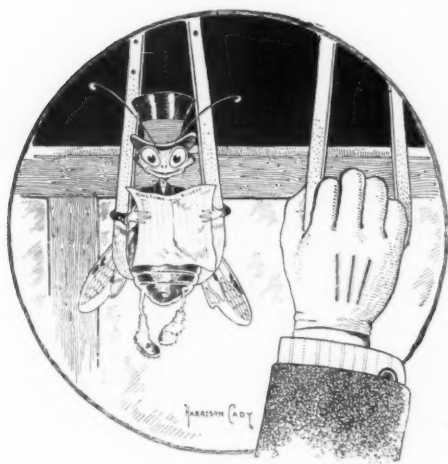
Joseph Smith.

Historical Plays.



THE Duke of Marlborough was wont to say that all the history he ever knew he had learned from Shakespeare's plays—not a bad school for a man who has himself engaged in making history on a very large and imposing scale. But what a curious mental horizon would bound the modern playgoer who should be content to glean his information from the stage. Historical novels—those will-o'-the-wisps of literature—are accurate and trustworthy guides by comparison with historical plays. The dramatic liberties taken with Philip II., Charles II., Henry VIII. and Louis XI. make Dumas' modest romances read like blue book statistics, or the reports on international coinage.

Nothing, however, that the English or American playwright has so far evolved from the ample resources of his ignorance can equal for a moment the wild flights of fancy with which M. Sardou has startled the theatregoers of two continents. For originality of device and for boldness of treatment he stands unrivalled in his field. A few years ago he gave us a Dante, unknown alike to historians or to students; a middle-aged, melancholy madcap,



"PEOPLE KICK ABOUT HANGING ON THE STRAP, BUT I THINK IT'S THE REAL THING."



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

PREDICTION FOR FEBRUARY 14TH: COLD WINDS FROM THE NORTH, HAIL, SNOW AND A BLIZZARD COMING.

who spends his time bolting into convents, frightening nuns, and playing sportive but feeble tricks—of the spiritualistic séance order—upon the credulity of an unenlightened public. *Now* he presents to us Cardinal Ximenes as a pottering old dotard, devoting himself, his church, and his country to the destruction of one insignificant female.

It really is too bad. If M. Sardou wanted to use the Spanish Inquisition for cheap fireworks ("nine people at the wings with a squib in each hand—all the dozen and a half going off at once—awful from the front, quite awful"), why didn't he take the industrious Torquemada for his tool? Torquemada probably had his engaging traits, but we have lost sight of them of late years, and shouldn't particularly mind seeing him vilified in a play. But to convert the keenest thinker, the

noblest worker, and the greatest statesman of his age into something too foolish to be feared, and too bad to be forgiven, is hardly a triumph of art. Were we to learn *our* history from the stage, as Marlborough learned his, we should be—like mind-cure patients—"in error." *Agnes Repplier.*

The Real Question.

HUSBAND (*house-hunting*): Do you think, dear, we can get our piano through this door?

WIFE: I wasn't thinking so much of the piano as I was of my new hat.

ADVERTISING is fame that is paid for. Fame is advertising that doesn't pay.



MR. ALFRED AUSTIN.

THE LATEST BOOKS

THERE is no national accusation more often laid against America or more often received by Americans with incredulous surprise than that of superficiality. Indeed, the very ingenuity and adaptiveness which have bred the fault tend to make us unmindful of its existence; nor is the German specialist's contempt, the Frenchman's shrugging amazement, nor the Englishman's elder-brotherly patronage conducive to an open-minded conviction of sin. Yet if we resent instruction, we sometimes take a hint, and in his essays upon *The Amateur Spirit* Mr. Bliss Perry offers us, clothed in his delightful prose, some delicate and graceful suggestions upon this touchy question.

The Gray World, by Evelyn Underhill, is a strangely eccentric coupling of mysticism and satire, which lures one on in hopes of promised wisdom which is never forthcoming. The book,



"WILL YOU PROMISE TO LOVE ME YOUR WHOLE LIFE LONG?"

"AYE, MORE THAN THAT, KITTY; I PROMISE TO LOVE YOU THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE OF MY NINE LIVES."



GLIMPSES OF SOME AMERICAN HOMES.
A COZY BREAKFAST ROOM.

indeed, is a close shot at a shining mark, but when the hero's father says of him that "if he were a little queerer he might be a genius, but as it is, he is only a fool," he unwittingly describes the book.

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim's novel, *The Betrayal*, is in reality an exceptionally well-handled detective story, but as the perplexing leakage in government secrets, which keeps the reader guessing throughout the book, is explained without the aid either of Scotland Yard or of any amateur sleuth of Sherlockian intuitions, one hesitates to saddle it with this much-abused definition.

There need be no hesitancy, however, about applying this definition to *The Millionaire Baby*, by Anna Katherine Green. In Mr. Oppenheim's novel we are curious about the solution of the mystery because of our keen interest in the people concerned. In Mrs. Green's

tale we endure the uninteresting people, if we do endure them, through curiosity about the mystery. Between the two attitudes there is a great gulf fixed.

The tragic fate of President Miraflores, of the Republic of Anchuria, the home of the banana, the mañana and the revolution, is the foundation of a series of informal digressions called *Cabbages and Kings*, by O. Henry. The American colony at Colario, the daily traffic in business and opera bouffe, and the author's trick of vivid and humorous narration, make a refreshing novelty in current fiction.

The volume upon *Guns, Ammunition and Tackle*, in the American Sportsman's Library, is one of the best of the series. It profits by a happy combination in that it is not only written by experts, but by experts who can write. It includes articles on the shotgun by A. W. Money, on the hunting rifle by Horace Kephart, on the pistol and re-

volver by A. L. A. Hemmelwright, and a remarkably compact summary of the scientific theory of rifle shooting by W. E. Carlin. The volume upon *Photography for the Sportsman Naturalist*, by L. W. Brownell, is said by the author to be intended for beginners, and it is perhaps necessary to emphasize the qualification in describing this handbook of a difficult and interesting sport.
J. B. Kerfoot.

The Amateur Spirit. By Bliss Perry. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.25.)

The Gray World. By Evelyn Underhill. (The Century Company. \$1.50.)

The Betrayal. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)

The Millionaire Baby. By Anna Katherine Green. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.)

Cabbages and Kings. By O. Henry. (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$1.50.)

Guns, Ammunition and Tackle. By A. W. Money and others. (The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.)

Photography for the Sportsman Naturalist. By L. W. Brownell. (The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.)

· LIFE ·



L'ENVOI OF THE AUTHORS.

When Earth's last book has been printed and the types are twisted and pied,
When the Smallest Maynard has perished and the Littlest Brown has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it for the Century, at best,
Till the Houghtons cease from Mifflin and the Scribners are at rest.
And those that were good shall be Harpers; they shall sit with the Putnam chaps,
And write on Doubleday Pages, or an L. C. Page, perhaps;
They shall have real Britons to draw from—Macmillan and Kegan Paul,
They shall wait an age for their statements, and never get tired at all!
And only McClure shall praise us, and only McClurg shall bless;
And no one shall write for an Agent, and none for a Private Press.
But each for the joy of the writing, and each in his separate star
Shall write the book as he sees it, for the Dodd of Meads as they are!

—Carolyn Wells, in *Bookman*.

LEST SHE FORGET.

I lunched with her on Saturday;
The service was unique
And rather unconventional—
Assorted, so to speak.
The cloth, marked "Lafayette-Brevoort,"
Was spread for tête-à-tête,
With "Holland House," "Fifth Avenue,"
And "Waldorf" on the plate;
"Casino" marked the butter-dish,
The mustard said "Mouquin,"
A "Shanley's" served the halibut,
A teaspoon read "Martin";
The napkin said "Delmonico,"
"Manhattan" held the sweet,
A fork read "Café Boulevard,"
While "Sherry's" cut the meat.

L'ENVOI.

The hostess with her taking way
Serenely calmed my fears—
"I've only one of each," she sighed;
"They're merely souvenirs."

—Charlotte Thompson, in *Lippincott's*.

ANOTHER RECORD BROKEN.

Little Johnny's father's gun
Was an ancient, rusty one;
Johnny got it out one day,
When his parents were away.

Merely wishing to be cute,
He took aim and said he'd shoot;
Said it to his sister Grace,
Pointing at her pretty face.

Little Grace still has her head;
She was not filled full of lead;
There was nothing in the gun
That her brother aimed for fun.

—S. E. Kiser, in *Record-Herald*.



ONLY A MAN.

"THIS DRIVER OF MINE," SAID THE HORSE,
"USES WORDS OF LESS KINDNESS THAN FORCE,—
HE HAS CALLED ME A 'NAME,'
BUT I DON'T MIND THE SAME,
FOR ONE MUST CONSIDER THE SOURCE."

As it is Captain Frank Conn's business to build trolley roads, he always patronizes them on principle whenever possible, and eschews cabs. The other day a cab driver accosted him with the regulation, "Keb, sir, keb?"

"How much to the Long Island ferry?"

"Two dollars, sir."

"No."

"All right, sir; make it a dollar and a half."

"Is that your lowest?"

"Yes, sir; isn't that cheap enough?"

"Oh, I suppose so."

"All right, then. Jump in."

"Oh, I don't want a cab. I only wanted to find out how much I would save by taking a street car."—*Argonaut*.

THE MODERN NOVEL.

CHAPTER I.

The Prettiest Girl you ever saw.

CHAPTER II.

The young man interviews her pa.

CHAPTER III.

A wedding grand without a flaw.

CHAPTER IV.

An oath—a tear—a lot of jaw.

CHAPTER V.

"I'm going back home to my ma!"

CHAPTER VI.

Her maiden name restored by law.

—The Editor.

A RECOMPENSE.

Young Edward, aged six, was quite tired of staying in the house. His mother was ill, and had tried to keep him in the room with her because her room was warmer than his playroom, but his toys were all in the playroom, and he became restless to go to them. "Good-bye, mamma," he said; "I will come back in a thousand years."

"I will be dead and buried by that time, son."

The little fellow stopped a moment with his hand upon the door, and, thinking of the Creed, he replied.

"Never mind, mamma; you will rose again."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

COMMISSIONER WOODBURY, of the New York Department of Street Cleaning, tells this anecdote of a friend of his who was walking through Central Park the other day: Being in somewhat of a hurry, he started to cut across the grass at one place, but was stopped by a park policeman, who remonstrated with him. "What difference does it make?" asked the New Yorker; "the grass is half dead, anyway."

"Sure, an' what if it is?" responded the indignant guardian of the peace; "if yez had a sick friend, would yez be takin' a walk on his stomach?"—*Argonaut*.

"LET me see, a cynic is a man who is tired of the world, is he not?" the young student of language asked.

"No, no, my child," replied the knowing tutor; "a cynic is a man of whom the world is tired."—*Pick-Me-Up*.

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WILSON WHISKEY

That's All!

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the creation par excellence of the nation.

Agencies in all the principal cities in the world.

CALIFORNIA—4 Days from New York or Boston—By NEW YORK CENTRAL

Your face has a right to health and comfort. Insist on **Williams' Shaving Stick.**

The strong, handsome, compact metal case, covered with maroon leatherette, in which Williams' Shaving Stick is enclosed, is an ornament to the dressing stand or toilet outfit.



WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICKS ARE SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN TOILET ARTICLES EVERYWHERE. MAILED ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 25 CENTS, IF YOUR DEALER FAILS TO SUPPLY YOU.

Trial Size for 4 Cents in Stamps.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.
Glastonbury, Conn.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE



THE PEERLESS SEASONING

Rare piquancy is given to Chafing Dish cooking by using LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE as a seasoning. Welsh Rarebit, Lobster à la Newburg, Mushroom Saute, Stewed Terrapin, etc., to be perfect must have at least a dash of it. It adds enjoyment to every dinner.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, NEW YORK

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SPECIAL



RESERVE

OLD VATTED GLENLIVET WHISKY



REGISTERED

EDINBURGH.



LONDON AND EXPORT AGENTS, FRANK BAILEY & Co. 59, MARK LANE, E.C.

Analytical Laboratory.

Surgeons' Hall,

Edinburgh, 2nd November, 1891.

I have made a careful chemical analysis of Andrew Usher & Co.'s Old Vatted Glenlivet Whisky (a blend of Glenlivet and other Whiskies) sampled by me from stock in sealed cases ready for delivery from Warehouse, and find such to be of excellent quality, being thoroughly matured and free from objectionable products. It is a very pure Spirit, and either with ordinary or aerated water forms a highly palatable and wholesome beverage.

Stevenson Macadam, Ph.D., F.R.S.E.,
Lecturer on Chemistry.

G. S. NICHOLAS, Sole Agent, 43 Beaver St., New York.



BISHOP POTTER tells of a young and inexperienced clergyman who had just been called to a city charge. At the end of the first month his salary was paid by a check, and he took it to the bank and passed it in at the paying teller's window. The official looked at it and then passed it back. "It's perfectly good," he said, "but I will have to ask you to indorse it." The young clergyman took his pen and wrote across the face of the check: "I respectfully subscribe to the sentiments herein expressed."—*Argonaut*.

FRIEND: What is hope?

POET: It's something that wakes you up at four o'clock in the morning, when the postman doesn't come around till ten.—*Ram's Horn*.

MILK MIXTURES

for babies are many times dangerous in that the milk may become tainted. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is absolutely safe, being rendered sterile in the process of preparation. As a general household milk it is superior and always available.

NEWBORN: How'd you get along at the dinner?

MRS. NEWBORN: Fine. When they eat pie with a fork I done it, too, so as not to let 'em see their break.—*New York Sun*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South. *Booklet*.

JUDGE: The next person who interrupts the proceedings of this court will be expelled from the room!

PRISONER: Hoo-ray! Whoopee-ee! Now, lemme go!—*Chicago News*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

A LONDON mother heard terrible shrieks from the nursery, and rushed up to inquire. In the middle of the floor sat Jackie and Ethel, voices uplifted. On the table sat the senior, Thomas, aged eight, with his mouth full. "What's the matter, children?" cried mamma.

"Boo-o-o! we were playing Garden of Eden," sobbed Ethel.

"Yes," said mamma, picking Ethel up; "I told you the story yesterday. But why are you crying over it?"

Ethel stopped her tears, and pointed furiously at the brother on the table. "God's eat the apple!" she shrieked.—*Argonaut*.

THERE is just one point to be urged against a Smith Hammerless Shotgun, with a Hunter One-trigger—it lasts a lifetime. Not a half-bad complaint, and the manufacturer is the one who makes it. Send for illustrated catalogue. Hunter Arms Co., Fulton, N. Y.

SOUBRETTE: Yes, the understudy says he used to have a very strong part on the stage.

COMEDIAN: So he did. He used to be a scene shifter and lift the mountains and castles.—*Chicago News*.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

HE: Darling, before I put my arms around you and hug you as I long to do, will you wait just one moment?

SHE: Why wait?

HE: I simply want to remove these cigars from my waistcoat pocket. Being Fonseca's, they are too valuable to be crushed.

"What was the excitement after the church services last Sunday?"

"Why, an unknown stranger put a \$10 bill in the collection plate."

"Ten-dollar bill! That's good."

"No; it was bad!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.



CLUB COCKTAILS are always of uniform excellence. The choicest liquors are used in exquisite proportions—blended and aged to a flavor.

Seven kinds—Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York.

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McILHENNY'S Tabasco Sauce

A Most Delightful Seasoning

FOR

Oysters, Soups, Fish, Roasts,
Salad Dressings, Game, etc., etc.

A drop or two gives a spicy, piquant flavor, creates a keen appetite, and insures good digestion.

Insist upon getting McILHENNY'S—in use nearly half a century in the leading hotels and restaurants and by the best families throughout the land.

FREE BOOKLET of new and unique recipes. Address
McILHENNY'S TABASCO, New Iberia, La.



THE
ORIGINAL

Something on His Works.

A CERTAIN old darky preacher, who "boarded round" among his parishioners, awoke one Sunday morning feeling far from well. He made one or two efforts to rise, but his head swam and ached, and he felt "the misery" in every bone.

"Br'er Johnson, Br'er Johnson," he called to the worthy Deacon with whom he was then domiciled, "Br'er Johnson, I 'clar' to goodness I jes' cawn't preach dis heah mo'nin', nohow. I's sick, dat's w'at I is. You-all jes' go up to de meetin'-house an' tack up a notice to say dat dar won't be no preachin' dis mo'nin'."

"Aw, Elder Dusenberry, you hadn't oughter gib in to de ills ob de flesh lak dat," said Deacon Johnson reprovingly. "You mak' a' effort to rise, mah frien'. Shame de debbil an' his pains 'll leab yo.' T'ink what a disapp'intment you's gwine to gib all dem niggahs—lettin' 'em git all fixed up fer meetin' in deir bes' clothes, an' den fin' dere ain't gwine to be none."

So spake Br'er Johnson, with much more to like purpose. Thus admonished, the preacher rose, and, with many groans and lamentations, dressed. A hearty breakfast and a turn in the fresh air gave him the strength of mind and body to face his congregation, and as the services proceeded he warmed to his work, delivering an even more fervid discourse than usual.

When he arrived at home after meeting Br'er Johnson greeted him anxiously.

"Well, Elder Dusenberry, how you feel?" he asked solicitously.

"Oh, I feel fust rate, Br'er Johnson. Spry as a sparrow, I is. An' I wants to thank you, Br'er Johnson, for a-stirrin' me up dis mawnin', an' keepin' me in de paf ob duty."

"Oh, dat's all right, Br'er Dusenberry, dat's all right. I knowed you'd be all right as soon as you got dat sermon out ob your system!"—*Helen Sherman Griffith, January Lippincott's.*

Caution and Care.

JOHN MORLEY, in an address at Pittsburg, urged the American people to use caution and care in their busy lives—to do strenuous things, but to do them with forethought.

"The Scot," said Mr. Morley, "is noted for his forethought.

"A bald Scot, on a visit to London, paused to look at a display of hair tonic in a chemist's window. The chemist, himself a bald man, came out and tapped the Scot upon the shoulder.

"The very thing for you, my man," he said. 'Let me sell you a bottle of this tonic. It is the greatest medical discovery of the age.'

"It is guid, eh?" said the Caledonian.

"Good? It's marvellous. I guarantee it to produce hair on a bald head in twenty-four hours.'

"Aweel," said the Scot, in his dry, cautious way. 'Aweel, ye can gi'e the top o' yer head a rub wi' it, and I'll look back the morn and see if ye're tellin' the truth.'"—*New York Tribune.*

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The Russian Admiral.

[From Sylvieoff and Brunovitch.]

HE "thought he saw" torpedo-boats;
His heart with horror beat,
He looked again and saw it was
A British herring fleet.
He banged away with might and main,
Then signalled a retreat.
He thought he saw a man-o'-war,
A "wicked-looking cuss."
He looked again and saw it was
A hippopotamus.
"Full steam ahead! Full steam ahead!"
The Japs are after us!"

He thought he saw a floating mine;
His nerves were in a cramp.
He looked again and saw it was
A penny postage-stamp.
"We'd best dig out of here," he said,
"The nights are getting damp."

He thought he saw a giant Jap,
Who waved a dripping knife.
He looked again and saw it was
A letter from his wife.
"My nerves are getting worse," he said;
"I'll have to quit this life."
—Bert Leston Taylor, in *Harper's Weekly*.

Stories from the Bench.

NO doubt a large number of these anec-
dotes and *bon mots* have been in cur-
rency some time—Lord Brampton is a con-
siderable age—but a large mass are unfam-
iliar, and the rest look singularly fresh.
The picture of Graham, who had, by accident,
sentenced only fifteen of sixteen prisoners
capitally convicted, is grimly delicate, sugges-
tive of Bowen:

"What is the prisoner's name," asked Gra-
ham.

"John Robins, my lord."

"Oh, bring John Robins back; by all means
let John Robins step forward. I am obliged
to you."

The culprit was once more placed at the
bar, and Graham, addressing him in his singu-
larly courteous manner, said apologetically:

"John Robins, I find I have accidentally
omitted your name in my list of prisoners
doomed to execution. It was quite accidental,
I assure you, and I ask your pardon for my
mistake. I am very sorry, and can only add
that you will be hanged with the rest."

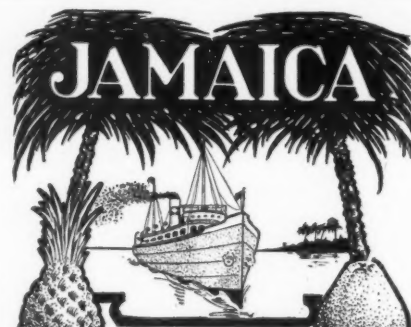
Graham was a pessimist who once remarked
that "if he had been one of those ephemeral
insects who live only a day, he would have
been brought into the world on a wet one."

The delightful story of Sir Henry Haw-
kins sitting through a trial that never looked
like ending and handing down to a friend the
note

"Great Prize Competition for Patience
"Hawkins—First prize
"Job—Honorable mention"

receives a setting whereby his Lordship, with
tactful consideration, takes some of the blame
to himself for sitting overlong.

On the one occasion that Toole sat on the
bench by Sir Henry he acted the part with
some distinction. The judge had been dis-



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turbed during a tedious trial by a man crossing the court in a pair of squeaking boots and had relieved the situation by stating that "if that gentleman desires to perambulate this court, he had better take off his boots." Everybody was convulsed with laughter, Toole adding to it by his grimacing attempts to control himself. Then, with enormous dignity, the actor took up pen and headed paper and wrote: "I have had my eye on you for a long time past, and if I see you laugh again I will send you to prison. Be warned in time." "Just hand that," said he, giving it to a jave-lin man, "to the gentleman there in the green blouse and red hair." The man never laughed again.

But Lord Brampton's humor is not confined to his anecdote. As counsel and jurymen found, he was forever seeing it in court and seizing on the opportunity wherever it appeared. A chaplain escorting him at Carnarvon was importunate, in his carriage, for favorite mottoes. His lordship gave him "Never fret." Excellent. He wanted a second, so he was provided with "Never say anything you think will be disagreeable to other persons." Admirable; but he begged for a third.

"I had nothing in stock, but wondered if it would be possible to make one for him while he waited.

"Yes," said I, 'with the greatest pleasure. Never do anything which you feel will be disagreeable to yourself.'

"My Lord!" he cried in the greatest glee, 'that is by far the best of all; that must go down in my book—it is so practical and of everyday use.'—From a review of Lord Brampton's *Reminiscences*.

Monks Own Chartreuse.

U. S. Judge Decides Liqueur Peres Chartreux Is the Only Genuine Cordial.

AN injunction was recently granted by Justice Lacombe in the United States Circuit Court of New York City against the sale in this country of Chartreuse liqueur put up in the bottles, and with the labels of the Carthusian monks of La Grande Chartreuse, in France. When the French Government, by the passing of the Association's act, forced the monks of La Grande Chartreuse to seek an asylum in Spain, it appropriated the labels and trademarks of the Chartreuse liqueur, granting the use of them to a firm of French distillers.

The monks, through their agents in this country, contend that the French Government, in confiscating their property, did not obtain their secret for manufacturing the liqueur, and that the article now sold under their labels is not the genuine Chartreuse.

The Carthusian monks are now manufacturing their famous cordial in Tarragona, Spain, and selling it under the name of Liqueur Peres Chartreux.—*New York World*.

"LITTLE boy, do you ever go to Sunday school?"

The urchin looked up. "I hain't been fur a long time, ma'am."

"Don't you want to go this morning?"

"Nome," he said, a flush of pride and resentment showing through the dirt on his cheek. "I'm a bad boy, all right; but I ain't one o' these Sunday school Chris'mus tree bad boys!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

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The EDISON PHONOGRAPH amuses—it thrills. It educates the children; providing a grade of music in rendering and perfection of tone, that nothing else on earth can bring into the home. It is the safe resource of the hostess. It plays for dancing. It is the vaudeville, the play, the concert. It plays the things you like as often as you like. It is better than the show itself, where more than half bores you and only part is pleasing. It is your own little show, with slippers and smoking-jacket, in town or country.

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The most striking illustration of the universality of LIFE that has been brought to our notice in many a day is the accompanying interior photograph of a log-cabin situated in the new town of Dickson, in the Seward Peninsula, Alaska, thirty-six miles east of the famous Nome gold fields.

The cabin is the property of Mr. Edward A. Olds, Jr., Asst.-Treasurer of the Western Alaska Construction Company, builders and operators of the Council City and Solomon River Railroad. Mr. Olds is a resident of New York, and while he has long been an enthusiastic reader of LIFE, he had something else to think of when he landed in that "far country" with a construction gang on his hands. His surprise and pleasure can well be imagined, therefore, when one day last Fall a "news-butcher" came over from Nome, thirty-six miles distant, with some New York daily papers of rather ancient vintage, and several comparatively recent copies of LIFE, for the latter of which Mr. Olds willingly paid 50 cents each. He gladly availed himself of this material for decorative purposes, and so pleased was he with the appearance of the cabin when he finally got it "to rights," that he called in the official photographer, with the accompanying results. On the center table, in bold relief, we see our Special Double-number for last September, with Bayard Jones's beautiful cover design, entitled "By Appointment." To the left in the background, and partially hidden by the corner of the big wolf-robe, is the Special for July last, with a Gibson cover, while tacked on the wall to the right and immediately above the wolf-robe, will be found that most beautiful of all of Gilbert's heads—"Miranda," which was published last Spring. Truly it may be said, "no pent-up Utica" contracts LIFE's powers. Once the "LIFE-habit" is formed, years serve but to emphasize it. Mr. Olds, who has but recently returned to New York, said, paradoxical as it may seem, that he never felt so homesick and at the same time so reconciled to his voluntary banishment from civilization as when that newsman loomed in sight with his bunch of LIFES.



The cabin, an exterior view of which is herewith presented, is 14 by 16 feet in size, and was built from drift-wood gathered on the shores of the Bering Sea. It bears the distinction of being the only building in Northwest Alaska with open fireplace and a stone chimney. Even Nome, with its population of nearly 5,000 people, cannot boast of so distinctive and desirable a bit of architecture.

The railroad under construction, of which Mr. Edward A. Olds of this city is President, is the first standard-gauge road ever built in Alaska. It will be fifty miles in length when completed, and will run through a section wonderfully rich in mineral deposits. When it is considered that in all the vast Alaskan territory, comprising 600,000 square miles, there is at present less than 150 miles of railroad, and narrow gauge at that, one cannot fail to appreciate that the urgent need for transportation facilities promises the largest and quickest returns on the investment, and, as usual, New York capital is not wanting when such opportunities present themselves.

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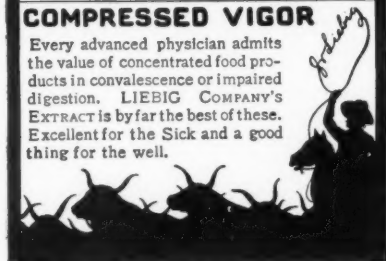
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Bear was in his meadow setting traps. He followed up the track, and as he passed a clump of bushes a large wildcat sprang upon his back. A fierce struggle ensued, in which

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Bear succeeded in shaking the animal off. It at once made at him again, and he attempted to kick it off and in so doing broke the animal's jaw.

This infuriated the beast, when it made another lunge at Bear, tearing the clothes from his body and badly scratching him.

The cat measured three feet and weighed fifty pounds.—*Toledo Blade*.

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delivered twenty years from date of contract.

*Each Bond bears interest, payable semi-annually in gold coin, in accordance
with forty coupons thereto attached.*

If the insured die while the contract is in force, the Company will thereupon deliver all of
the 20 Bonds not already delivered.

Suppose you buy twenty \$1,000 Bonds, you receive a Bond
each year and are insured for twenty years.

The total guarantees on these Bonds are :

1. Twenty Years' Insurance.
 2. Principal of 20 Bonds, - - \$20,000.00
 3. Interest on 20 Bonds, - - 14,000.00
- Total Cash Guaranteed, - \$34,000.00

The Contract gives the option
of the face value of any bond in
cash in lieu of issuing the bond
when the same is due. These
bonds mature 20 years
from date of issue.
All approved forms of
policies issued.

LIFE,
Feb. 2, '05.

THE
MUTUAL LIFE
INSURANCE CO.
OF NEW YORK,
New York City.

Gentlemen :—I shall be glad to
receive, without in any way com-
mitting myself, information regard-
ing cost of Mutual's yearly bond contract
mentioned in your advertisement.

My occupation is.....and age....

Name.....

Address.....

MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY.

